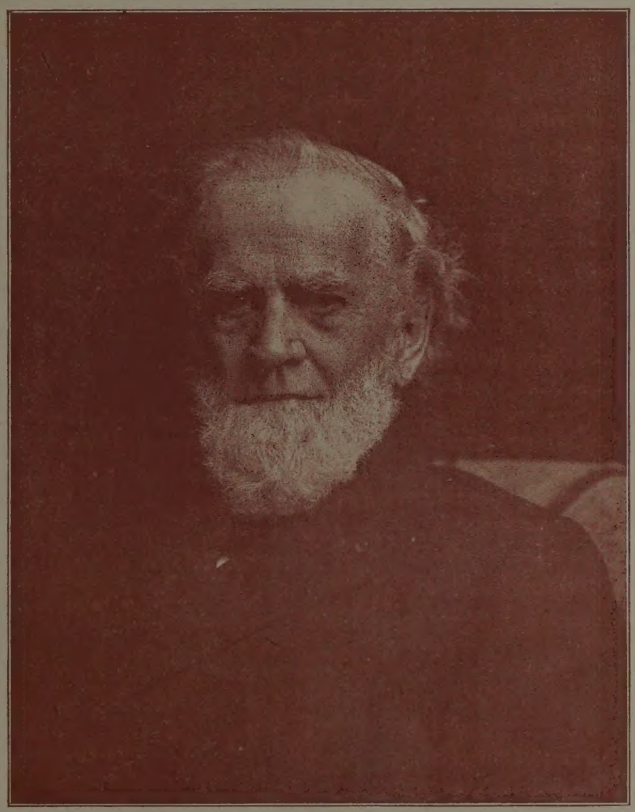
VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, JANUARY 18, 1906 NUMBER 20

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI | THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1906 | NUMBER 20

MURRAY F. TULEY.

A man as open as the day
With nature steadfast as the sun;
Tall, sturdy, masterful; and grey
With weight of duties nobly done.

The great in soul are never old
How e'er the tides or stars expire,
For in their speech their spirits hold
The pristine spark of youthful fire.

And such as he, whose truth is known
In deed and word and printed page,
Shall keep in clearest luster shown
The jewel-glint of youth in age.

Strong as the rugged oak he stands
While years go by in steady flight,
The scales of justice in his hands
His lifetime motto, "Right is might."

—*Ernest McGaffey.*

Recited by Joseph B. David at Iroquois Club banquet, Palmer House. Chicago, April 14, 1900. Engrossed and presented to Judge Tuley by the author and Mr. David as a mark of their esteem.

We gladly make this issue of UNITY a memorial number for Chicago's fallen Chancellor—Murray F. Tuley. The addresses spoken at the Memorial Meeting held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Sunday afternoon, December 31st, were of such a character both in form and matter as to interest, instruct and inspire a constituency extended far beyond the limits of Chicago. It was matter so much in line with the purpose of UNITY that we cannot better serve our regular readers than by enabling them to enjoy to a degree the privileges of that most impressive and memorable meeting. A specially large edition is issued, and the members of the Chicago bar and many others will receive this copy with the compliments of the editors and publishers of UNITY. Those wishing extra copies for their own or other use will be favored as far as the edition permits.

The practical business man delights in dismissing the idealist as a "dreamer," to which charge the wise "business" man, the real humanitarian, not to speak of the reformer, must gladly plead guilty. If the testimony of history as well as the light of experience proves anything, it proves that the opposite of idealism is not some practical thing called "business," but it is brutality. The opposite of optimism is not some wiser thing called "pessimism," but it is atheism; for he who believes in any sense that he lives in an ordered universe, that life runs in divinely ordained grooves that leads more and more to love, liberty and justice, must believe that the power that established or is establishing these grooves is able to justify them. To believe in God in any sense is to believe that he will win out, and that it is for men either to ride in his chariot or to be crushed under the wheels thereof. There is no other alternative.

One of Frederick Robertson's great sermons was entitled "Progress by Olivion of the Past." The progress of every great movement and instituted life depends on a power of forgetting. It is unfortunate when men and women offer the good they have done as an excuse for their meanness or who think that the measure of their sacrifice at one time releases their obligations in the future. George Eliot said, "The highest reward for doing a good deed is the added power to do another." Past generosity is a pledge and an obligation of continued services.

When frank with themselves, the residents of the boulevards confess that they have need of social, spiritual and intellectual guides and stimuli as imperative if not more profound than their less burdened neighbors on the side streets and the alleys. Perhaps the most cruelly neglected elements in Chicago life today, morally speaking, are the young men and women, married or unmarried, who have high ideals and refined tastes, who are exiled, for monetary reasons, to the foul air of hall bed rooms and to physical and spiritual environments more pestilential, for rent reasons. It is a significant fact that the capitalists and philanthropists of Chicago are more ready to help the boys and girls who are already well down the road to the bad than they are to help the boys and girls who are facing, not the bad, but the good, who are fighting against terrible odds, on the upward slide, and if they are defeated it will be because of circumstances and conditions beyond their individual control.

The educational world on both sides of the Atlantic joins with Chicago in mourning the death of its great university President. Dr. Harper's eminence did not lie in his scholarship, though he had an honorable position among Hebrew scholars and has done valuable work in the line of Old Testament studies. His pre-eminence was not in the field of pedagogy, psychology or philosophy, although he was a successful and inspiring teacher. His pre-eminence lay in his organizing genius. He was a great man of business in the educational world. His skill in inspiring the confidence of capitalists is easily traced to his skill in the investment of the capital entrusted to him. Dr. Harper was a man who, had it not been given him to lay the foundations of and rear to a marvelous degree a great university, might have been a notable president

of a railroad, a great captain of industry, a power in the commercial world. As it is, it was given him to demonstrate the dependence of the money-maker upon that higher type of spiritual power revealed in the money-spender. He showed the wealthy how to make investments in the bank that does not break and in a way that is sure to bring perennial revenue and ever increasing returns. It was for President Harper to direct a great university during its "stone age" period. Subsequent centuries will invest the stone walls with spiritual beauty and intellectual power. President Harper died young, but the things he achieved and the manner of his going hence testify to a long life nobly lived. He went to his well-earned rest after having achieved a full day's work. His was a ripe old age. Let no one bemoan the early death of one whose accomplishments are so unparalleled.

Memorial Service for Murray Floyd Tuley

HELD AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER 31, 1903

Reported by Judge Tuley's Official Stenographer, Mrs. A. L. Kelly.

Opening exercises by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
Pity me.

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
Being who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer,
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed, fight on, fare ever
There as here."

—ROBERT BROWNING.

"And thus this man died, leaving his death for an example of a noble courage and a memorial of virtue, not only to young men but to all nations."

Prayer. With grateful hearts, O Father, we come to voice our indebtedness to one of thy chosen ones; he whom thou didst raise up to point to us the path of rectitude. May we, O Father, guided by his light, strengthened by his example, rededicate ourselves to the tasks he left undone, and may this hour make for the nobility of citizenship, the liberation of our city, the salvation of our country and the helpfulness of men and women everywhere who cry out for justice, who seek the right.

Help us, O Father, in his spirit to serve these causes and to know our common kinship each to each and all to Thee. Amen.

Mr. William Kent, taking charge of the meeting, said:

And the dust hath returned to the earth
As it was
And the spirit returned unto God
Who gave it. —*Ecclesiates.*

In this modest place and in modest wise we are met as neighbors and friends to speak and to hear of our neighbor and friend, Judge Tuley. But if we have even dimly seen the lesson of his life, we, his neighbors, are neighbors of all the world, we his friends, are friends of all men, and friends of the God who in our place and generation gave to us that great spirit.

If propinquity and affection have opened our hearts we are, by reason of knowing and loving Judge Tuley arrayed on the right side of the battle for human rights and for the law that makes for justice among men.

If we have been inspired by his word and his example, we are friends of peace and enemies of oppression, not in any nonresistant sense, but with the sturdy strength that has marked the progress of a virile race through the long struggles of constitutional history.

This great man is too near us to be appreciated in all the beauty and symmetry of his nature. We can delineate but the bare outline of a character that made him the best beloved citizen of this city, where, through many years, he was more widely known than any other citizen.

Judge Tuley's motive of life was human welfare. He had mapped out a course of action with this end in view and though always gentle, sentimental and kindly, he was as inexorable as the laws of nature.

Judge Tuley had set before himself an ideal based upon a clear conception of life, public service, and through public service a better world as far as one man's influence could urge in that direction.

His was a wonderfully balanced life. He was temperate in thought, in word, and in deed, and yet the strongest and bravest among us.

The embodiment of generosity, he was careful in his benefactions, and always had a reserve to contribute, whether of money or that infinitely more valuable substance, himself.

With a splendid confidence in himself he wished to lead because he knew that his leadership was toward the goal of better humanity, but no sordid ambition could find lodgment in his disinterested heart.

He cared nothing for money beyond the freedom from want, and nothing for power that did not come as a gift of an appreciative people, and that did not carry with it the burden of greater responsibility and the possibility of greater usefulness.

His great ambition was to be respected and loved and that ambition was greatly gratified. Always cheerful, he was what Rome in its best days loved to describe as *"gravis homo,"* a man of weight, the ideal senator.

He is too near us to meet with an appreciation of his greatness, but not too near for us to testify to our affection, and as the years go on, and as the outlines are filled in, we shall be more and more proud and happy that here, and in other places and at other times we shall have met to say what is in us.

Not bearing wreaths for a grave, not in futilely mourning a loss, not even paying tribute to a great spirit, that safe "with God who gave it" has no need of our tribute, are we met together. Rather are we here in this building dedicated to the great emancipator, to be inspired by the example of our friend and neighbor, that we may carry forward the torch that lights up the path to human freedom, borne in strife, in sorrow, and in hope, by Abraham Lincoln and in happier but no less critical days by Murray Floyd Tuley.

It is now my privilege to introduce to you some of those who are best fitted to speak of the many-sided beneficence of our friend.

Judge Tuley has had for over thirty years continual connection with official Chicago; alderman, and a strenuous advocate of right in evil days; corporation counsel, knowing but one client, the city, and with the highest devotion to that client; later a Judge, ever a trusted adviser of right-minded executives, he has left his impress on all the co-ordinate branches of our city government.

On behalf of official Chicago, Edward F. Dunne, our Mayor, will speak.

ADDRESS BY HON. EDWARD F. DUNNE.

In the sad, but honorable, duty given to me, to participate in the memorial to my dead friend and our great and lofty citizen, I have preferred, lest I might be guilty of hyperbole, or, it might be, weakness, to commit what I might desire to say upon this occasion to writing.

Into this great city of 2,000,000 people, within the last quarter of a century, have come men of extraordinary attainments, tireless energy and of wonderful resources. In this city there existed the opportunity for the development of their great attainments and energies. They have made themselves felt in the commercial and professional fields of the city. Many of them have come, played their important parts and passed away, leaving their impress upon the public life of the city.

Great captains of industry have come, amassed their millions and passed away to their reward. Men of paramount genius have arisen to the highest positions of dignity and power in their professions, have achieved distinction and died. Other men who have had the aptitude for political life have come, played their important parts and gone.

During the thirty years that I have resided in the city of Chicago, I know of no man, save probably one, whose loss to the community will be more deeply felt than that of the "Grand Old Chancellor" who has just passed away. I know of no man, with that possible one exception, who has done more for civic righteousness and has accomplished more in the way of asserting the rights of the people and defending them against corporate aggression than he whom we mourn and honor today.

The life of Murray F. Tuley must be viewed from three separate standpoints. First, from the standpoint of private citizen. Secondly, from the standpoint of a judge. And thirdly, from the standpoint of a powerful molder of public opinion in the community.

As a private citizen Murray F. Tuley was remarkable for the simplicity and modesty of his private life. In these days of reckless extravagance, of huge fortunes, of display and pomp, Murray F. Tuley held to the simple life which characterized the citizenship of half a century ago.

His tastes and domestic life were beautifully plain and simple. He loved his wife and home and for years spent all his leisure hours therein. He was plain in his dress and plain in his mode of life. His tastes remained as simple as those he acquired in his frontier life and in the army. To the end of his life he was never attracted by the glitter and pomp of social and political life. He clung with hooks of steel to his old friends and associates of former years, and was loved and respected by them to a most remarkable degree.

His books and his horse constituted his only luxuries. All his life he was devoted to horseback riding as a means for the preservation of his health, and because of the love that he and every Kentuckian has for that noble beast.

In these days when divorce and estrangement are so common, when men of distinction seem to become careless of their mates, his pure, simple, domestic life stands out as a remarkable exemplar of domestic happiness and contentment.

As a judge Murray F. Tuley never had a superior, if he had an equal, in the judicature of Cook County. I can, looking back over the lives and records of the many great men who have graced the bench of this county, find none, unless it be McAllister, who approached him in brilliancy, breadth and conception of judicial duty. Gifted by nature with an intellect that was keen, incisive and comprehensive, he was also a student of remarkable diligence and concentration. To this was added a temperament of caution and deliberation. But above and beyond all he had an exalted sense of justice and impartiality. Strong intellect, untiring industry, patience and a sense of justice, all combined, made him the ideal judge.

Besides all these qualifications he had in his temperament and makeup that which is always necessary to make a good judge a great one, and that was unflinching moral courage. He dared to do what was right whether it was popular or unpopular. He was fearless of the clamor of the mob, whether that mob was arrayed in purple and fine linen or clothed in rags and armed with bludgeons. He often told me that, when he had a great case under advisement, in which there was intense public interest, he avoided reading the newspapers less they should unconsciously influence his decision. He had frequently said that a newspaper simply represents the ideas and views of one man or coterie of men and that man or coterie of men are frequently either prejudiced or mistaken.

It seemed always to be his desire to get at the heart of things and decide according to the law and the immortal truth, independent of personal consequences. He had a holy veneration for the ancient writ of right, the habeas corpus. He believed that the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury were the bulwarks of British and American liberty.

Among his peers upon the bench, during the thirteen years that it was my delight to associate with him, his pre-eminent abilities as a judge made him easily the dean of the judiciary. Year after year he was elected without opposition as Chief Justice of the Circuit Court because all of his associates felt that by reason of his great and commanding talents he was justly entitled to the place.

He attended as carefully to the routine and drudgery incidental to his high position as he did to the more honorable and distinguished features thereof. He used his great talents of discrimination with as much care in the selection of a justice of the peace or a park commissioner as he did in deciding the most important cases that came before him. He was a tireless, incessant and conscientious worker in everything that he undertook.

He was absolutely impartial in his treatment of the bar. The leader of the profession received at his hands no different treatment than the young beginner into practice. He had an abhorrence of trickery and shystering tactics, and men guilty of unprofessional conduct went from the seat of justice over which he presided scorched with the anathema of insulted justice. He was feared only by men or interests that sought unfair advantages in courts of justice. Changes of venue were taken from him, but only by those who apprehended and feared a just and equitable decision.

His decisions were as luminous as the light, ever just and ever impartial. The upper courts frequently

incorporated his decisions into their own findings and published them as the views of the upper court. In the history of the judiciary of Cook County, as hereafter written, no name will appear in such luminous light or will have left behind it so enduring a memory as that of Murray F. Tuley, Judge of the Circuit Court.

As a moulder of public thought and as an architect of public laws, no man has achieved greater distinction in this community. He was one of the framers of the Constitution of 1870, and had he lived would have been one of the framers of the charter of 1905.

He framed the Cities and Villages Act, which is the charter of the cities of this State, and codified the ordinances of the City of Chicago when corporation counsel of the city. He was one of the framers of the amendment to the Constitution adopted in 1903. No important law affecting the City of Chicago during the last thirty-five years has ever been formulated without Judge Tuley being called into conference in relation to the same.

He was the implacable foe of graft and corruption in any and every form in public life. Always a consistent Democrat of the type of Jefferson and Jackson, he never hesitated to denounce a Democratic grafter or corruptionist.

When the infamous Allen and Humphrey bills were put through the legislature, Judge Tuley was one of the first men in the community to appreciate their malign significance and to attack them in the press and on the rostrum. As indicative of his vigorous character I recall that when these laws were in course of incubation he was present at a meeting of a club called for the purpose of denouncing them. A communication from one of the traction companies was presented to myself as presiding officer of the club, in which—if I remember aright—some sort of a protest was made against the club taking action without hearing from the traction companies. Some one moved that the letter be placed on file, when Judge Tuley jumped up and moved as a substitute that the letter be referred to the state's attorney for further action. It simply was an indication of the hot resentment he felt at temporizing with the traction companies while legislation of such a character was in contemplation.

Within recent years the Judge, who was always a great student and who was at all times solicitous of the public welfare, became a convert to the doctrine of the public ownership of public utilities. He became satisfied that this was the only sure way of avoiding the scandals and disgrace that had been perpetrated in the legislature and the city council, arising out of the renewal of franchises giving private companies the right to operate these utilities. He also became satisfied at the same time that the people were as competent and as well able to operate these utilities as were private companies. Having reached this conclusion he took a very determined stand, as we all know, in opposition to the extension of franchises to private companies, and perhaps no man in public life exerted such a powerful influence in this community in preventing such measures both in the legislature and in the city council.

At all times the avowed and open enemy of special privilege and discrimination in favor of one class as against another class, he stood like a lion in the path of those who were attempting to secure these priceless advantages. It was a singular tribute to his strength of character and the honesty of his purpose that the people of Chicago, in defiance of rings, cliques and political organizations, responded to his single call and carried the election last spring upon a platform which he assisted in building and which pledged the people of this community and the mayor of the city to a program which absolutely prohibited the granting of any further extensions of franchises to the present street-car companies of this city. In response to his clarion call, as to the outcry of Paul Revere in former days, the people turned out and drove back into their entrenchments the bushwhackers of the traction companies, as did the minute men drive back the redcoats on the eve of the Revolution. A more significant tribute to the strength, courage, honesty and wisdom of one man has never before been exhibited in the civic history of this great city.

To the very last his powerful intellect and great conscience were devoted to the success of what he called the people's movement, and but a few days before his death he spoke his last words of encouragement and support for the cause of municipal ownership.

In his death I have lost a true friend and my wisest and most trusted adviser. The City of Chicago has lost one of its best friends and the people of this city have lost the most powerful advocate and champion of their rights.

While he himself has passed away to his eternal reward, the influence of his life will remain behind him. He is one of the deathless dead whose example, whose inspiration, whose counsel, and whose record of action will remain behind to influence in the years to come the policies of the public men of this community and to shape their acts for the public good.

His name and his memory will live in the history of Chicago and in the hearts of Chicago's citizens when the names of its greatest financiers, its greatest merchant princes and its greatest captains of industry will be lost in oblivion.

His love of the people and his solicitude for their welfare endured even to the end. Of no man who ever appeared in public life could it be more truly said as was said by Whittier,

"Strong to the end, a man of men, from out the strife
he passed;
"The greatest hour of all his life was that of earth the
last."

Mr. Kent: The duties of citizenship are not confined to voting, nor to office holding. Democratic government is not self-operative. The clock must be wound up or it will run down. Only effort by individuals and associations can accomplish needed reforms and haul officialdom out of the ruts in which it is ever prone to drag.

Sigmund Zeisler, himself ever devoted to the public welfare, ever willing, ever elert in all good causes, will speak to you of Judge Tuley's work in the real third house, the lobby of reform.

ADDRESS BY SIGMUND ZEISLER, REPRESENTING CIVIC ASSOCIATIONS.

It is commonly accepted as a precept of practical wisdom to "mind your own business." It cannot be denied that there is in this precept a great deal of truth. The narrower the circle within which is circumscribed that which constitutes your business, the more expert will you become in ministering to your own wants and desires, the more apt will you be to become successful in the ordinary sense of the word. There are many such self-centered individuals. If I feared not to be classed as a pessimist, I would say that these men compose a large majority of mankind. There are few men who consider other people's business their business, few people who, by their actions, give the lie to the old saying that "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." Fewer still are those whose minds and hearts are filled with thoughts

and feelings regarding the public welfare and who are ever ready and willing to bring sacrifices upon the public altar. We speak of the spirit which animates such men as the civic spirit. The multitude who strictly mind their own business may be useful members of society in their own way; but it is the few who combine the civic spirit with high intellect, who have lifted the human race, who have borne the burdens of the world, who are responsible for our increased happiness, increased comfort, increased justice, increased hope for equality of opportunity to all—in a word, for our common progress.

Among these high priests in the temple of devotion to the public weal was Murray Floyd Tuley. There are those who deprecate active interest in matters political by members of the judiciary. Certain kinds of activity are unbecoming in a judge on the bench. The judge who trains with bosses and ward heelers, who enters into the strife of militant politics carried on not for principle but for office, lacks in appreciation of the dignity and elevation of his office. Such was not Judge Tuley's activity. Since his first election to the bench he never needed to curry favor with the politicians to insure his re-election, because he was enshrined in the hearts of all the people of this great city. His activity in public affairs was not for men, but for measures.

The catalogue of Judge Tuley's public services outside of those on the bench is too long to be adequately treated at this time and in this place. Many of the acts of Judge Tuley's public service that can be definitely mentioned have already been referred to in the oration just delivered by his devoted friend, the honored mayor of Chicago. There are, however, some others that deserve special mention in this place. I do not believe there has ever been in Chicago a truer and more devoted friend of the merit system in the civil service than Judge Tuley. On the bench he had many an opportunity to construe and apply the civil service law of this state. He always gave the law a liberal construction. His devotion was not only to the letter of the civil service law, but it was to the spirit of the law, it was to the great underlying principles of the merit system in the civil service.

Judge Tuley, while in national politics a Democrat, was nonpartisan in the best sense of the word in local affairs. Although a judge on the bench whose term from time to time was only for the short space of six years, he did not act as many others under similar circumstances have acted and do act. He never feared to give offense to those who controlled delegations to political conventions.

I well remember the time when the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago was first organized, about ten years ago. Corruption in the city council of Chicago had cried to heaven. The name of alderman of the Chicago city council was a by-word and a reproach. Judge Tuley realized that the corruption in the city council was a demoralizing factor in our entire public life. He set to work to help those who had organized the Municipal Voters' League, and for three or four years was a member of the advisory committee of that organization. During the aldermanic campaign, year after year, after doing a day's hard work on the bench, he would go to the committee rooms of the Municipal Voters' League and stay there for hours, taking in hand some candidate for an aldermanic position and cross-examining him and putting thumbscrews on him, and showing him, if it was the fact, that he was not fit for the office, and dissuading him from running for the council. He helped to sift the vast material collected by the investigators of the League, and greatly aided the executive committee in formulating proper conclusions, and it was his presence in the committee rooms of the League which lent dignity to our work and which helped to give the League that standing which it had to acquire in order to perform that service of immense value, the cleansing of the Chicago City Council; helped to create a constituency which accepted without a question mark the League's recommendations for the City Council, and which helped to give it the standing with the independent press of Chicago without which the Municipal Voters' League never could have accomplished what it has.

I also remember Judge Tuley's deep interest in all the work which the Civic Federation did from the time of its first organization and for a great many years thereafter. Wherever some improvement in our public life was possible, he took a hand in the work. He was not afraid to be called a reformer; to him that word was a word of honor and not a word of reproach. Judge Tuley was so non-partisan that he hated a democratic grafter more than he hated a republican grafter; but he was impartial enough to see and to insist that the big grafter was a greater enemy of the public than the little grafter, and it so happened that according to his point of view there was more big grafting among the people belonging to the party that Judge Tuley did not belong to, than among the people of the party that he did affiliate with.

Tax dodging was something which Judge Tuley abhorred. Inequality of taxation was one of the things which he thundered against, in season and out of season. Opportunity of equality for all was to him a problem which he studied and to the solution of which he gave his best thought.

Nothing of public interest was a stranger to his hospitable mind and heart. Chicago has lost in Judge Tuley one of her most devoted, most useful citizens and friends; therefore Chicago and all Chicago mourns and weeps at the bier of this noble son of hers.

Mr. Kent: There is with us an old time friend and clubmate of Judge Tuley, a good citizen of a good city, I am sure we shall be glad to hear from, Mr. Erskine M. Phelps.

ADDRESS. ERSKINE M. PHELPS.

Mr. Chairman: I thank you for giving me this opportunity of paying my humble tribute to the memory of this great good man, Judge Tuley. There are certain men who live and die and pass off the stage of life and are remembered no more than the insect that died on yesterday. But Oh, how different it was with Judge Tuley. He was an honest man. He had a heart as large as the world, yet not large enough to hold the memory of an injury. Wherever he turned his footsteps the sunshine of good fellowship shone upon his pathway. Methinks I can hear his voice from out his heavenly home saying,

"Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will marvel why ye wept;
Ye will know by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep a while, if ye are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain!"

Singing by the Chadwick Quartette "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

Mr. Kent: In some times and in some places and by some people Judge Tuley has been referred to as a demagogue. You may recall that about two thousand years ago some similar remarks were made in Palestine. But we know that the Master was a democrat, a lover of all the people, and no respecter of persons. We also know that this, our friend, well depicted as having left a million friends, acquired those friends by his love of men.

It is fitting that the one known among us as the wisest and greatest exponent of democracy should speak to us.

Permit me to introduce Miss Jane Addams.

ADDRESS OF MISS JANE ADDAMS.

Perhaps what we need above all things in this huge incoherent town of ours, always on the verge of lawlessness, is men who will rigidly enforce the existing laws, while, at the same time, they will frankly admit the inadequacy of these laws, and work without stint for progressive regulations better fitted to the newer issues among which our lot is cast. We need to learn that we cannot enforce the laws of a community, nor even elevate its ethical standards, save by a quickening of its moral sensibilities and by increasing its sensitiveness to wrong, and that unless the growing conscience is successfully embodied in legal enactments, men lose the habit of turning to the law for guidance and redress. As the generations before us tore justice from the skies and set it in the midst of laws and tribunals which men made for themselves, so generations to come, beginning even with our own, are making the first tentative effort to establish justice in men's social and industrial relations, to set up a court anew in the moral consciousness of their contemporaries.

Perhaps no man upon the Cook County Bench was so ready to turn his serious and disciplined mind to finding out how the legal machinery might more closely fit existing conditions, and the much needed reforms be embodied in laws and ordinances, than Judge Tuley, whom we have come here today to honor. I recall, in illustration of this, an instance which took place fifteen years ago. I had newly come to Chicago, fresh from the country, and had little idea of the social and industrial conditions in which I found myself, on Halsted street, when a dozen girls came from a neighboring factory with a grievance in regard to their wages. The affair could hardly have been called a labor difficulty, the girls had never heard of a trades union, and were totally unaccustomed to acting together. It was more in the nature of a scrap between themselves and their foreman. In the effort toward adjustment, arbitration was suggested, and the one name in the world outside with which the girls were familiar was Judge Tuley's. When the difficulty was placed before him he suggested that the matter be tried in his chambers, under the Tuley law, which was then new and which required that both litigants agree to accept the decision of the judge without appeal to a higher court, and then to appear before him without attorneys. I have never forgotten the care and consideration, the courtesy and deference with which Judge Tuley gave himself to this trivial matter, for the wages concerned for all the girls counted but a few cents a week. His painstaking and just decision pleased both sides, a thing unique in my experience in labor adjudication, and there remains vividly in my memory a conversation I held with him after the litigants were gone. He spoke of his belief in the capacity of the common law to meet all legitimate labor difficulties which may arise; of its remarkable adaptability to changing conditions under the decision of wise and progressive judges, but that in order to adjust it to our industrial affairs it must be interpreted, not so much in relation to precedents established under an industrial order which belongs to the past, but in reference to that newer sense of justice which this generation is seeking to embody in industrial relations. He foresaw something of the stress and storm of the industrial conflicts which have occurred in Chicago since then, and he expressed the hope that the Bench of Cook County might rise to the opportunity in this new and difficult situation of dealing with labor difficulties in a judicial spirit. What a difference it would have made in the history of Chicago during the last fifteen years if more men had been possessed of this temper and wisdom!

It is said that no man on the Cook County Bench had so few of his decisions reversed by the superior courts. May not this illustrate the fact that no man can interpret the laws we have, unless at the same time he sees the inadequacy of those laws and the need of progressive legislation? We count it high praise of most men to say that they held fast to the ideals of their youth, meaning that they did not become sordid and spotted by the world. Yet this would have been meager praise for Judge Tuley, for he advanced his ideals with the growing demands of his time and was ever in the vanguard of the community's progress. He had one of those rare minds, capable of vigorous growth and of effective use to the very end.

Perhaps no one was more jealous of the prerogative and dignities of the bench than this venerable judge, this Nestor of the Bar, and yet he was willing to sacrifice, on occasion, his possible duty as a judge in order to exercise his rights as a citizen. He was willing to publicly discuss matters which might otherwise have been brought before him to adjudicate, because he so clearly saw that trained public opinion is quite as necessary to social progress, as are judicial decisions. It is easy for all of us to shirk the discussion of current issues under the plea of remaining impartial; it is a temptation to remain a silent coward and to think oneself a tolerant spectator. And yet, in spite of Judge Tuley's open-minded policy, it is said by the legal profession of Chicago that, of all the judges of this community, he held the reputation of being the most non-partisan and impartial. May not this perhaps illustrate that most mysterious of all hard sayings, that he alone saves his life who is ready to lose it, and that he alone can be impartial who has the courage of his convictions.

Judge Tuley had learned much of life and, above all, had come not to be afraid of the desires and demands of the people. He knew that every reform, however drastic, when put into operation is bound to disappoint the flaming hopes of its advocates, and that it will also invariably fail to overturn the existing order of society, as the opponents and conservatives eternally predict. He knew that there is a self-regulating element in society itself, a common sense in the mass of men which may be forever trusted, that history can point to no community which has rushed into excesses upon the acquisition of new found power, save those communities which have been unduly repressed, and which have received their new liberties without a previous period of discussion and adjustment, of slow trial and gradual preparation. Therefore, he was all for free discussion, for "new experiments in living," for enlarging the functions of municipal government and for extending the franchise. Many of us recall that some years ago, when it was considered most

important that women should use their vote for the trustee of the State University, in order to demonstrate their desire for fuller suffrage, that Judge Tuley accompanied his invalid wife to the polling booth and fairly carried her into it from the carriage that he might make with her this demonstration in favor of woman suffrage, which he had advocated all his life.

In this generation of ours, when the belief in immortality seems to have become so elusive, when it is discussed pro and con in fashionable books of essays, and in the most respectable and conservative of magazines, nothing serves so well to reëstablish it for us as the life and death of a righteous man, he who has fulfilled the measure of his years upon earth, and during all those years has become identified with the powers which stand for integrity, with the causes which make for progress, who has given of his strength to establish justice between man and man, and has ever plead the cause of the people. If we are bereft of all other sanction for our belief, in a moment such as this we would, perforce, be driven back to the old statement of Plato that, though all else may be transitory in human affairs, the excellent must become the permanent.

SOLO, "FACE TO FACE."

DR. WILLIAM R. LARKIN.

I know not now how soon 'twill be when I shall reach that vast unknown,
I know not now, I cannot see the entrance to the Heavenly Home.
Alas! alas! 'tis better so, for time moves on with rapid pace.
But this I know, when I shall go, that I shall see Him face to face.

Yes, I shall see Him face to face, and be with those I love once more;
Yes, I shall see Him face to face and be with Him forevermore.

* * * *

For life must come and life must go, the winters pass, the spring flowers grow,
And though the bliss be but alloy, 'tis less of pain, with more of joy;
It matters not a few years more, it matters not how quick the pace,
For this I know on that fair shore, that I shall see Him face to face.

Yes, I shall see Him face to face and be with those I love once more.
Yes, I shall see Him face to face and be with Him forevermore.

Mr. Kent: The technical service of Judge Tuley was along lines of the law. That broad field of usefulness can hardly be termed technical, and as Judge Tuley traversed it, it was transformed, even to the laity, into a field blooming and aglow with justice.

As a layman, I conceive of Judge Tuley as having insisted that the law should be respected, and that the law was and of right should be respectable.

As I knew him he was the determined foe of anarchy, whether found in mob violence or in the worse form of purchased legislation.

His teaching, his life at bar and bench, stand for the real conservatism—justice between men.

The Chicago Bar Association has greatly honored this meeting by sending to us an intimate friend, of our friend, a leader in what is best and highest in a noble profession, a man whose presence, even without its delegate capacity, is an honor to us, Mr. S. S. Gregory.

ADDRESS. MR. S. S. GREGORY.

REPRESENTING THE CHICAGO BAR ASSOCIATION.

Representing the Chicago Bar Association.

It is fitting on this occasion that the Chicago Bar Association should be represented; for he whose death we mourn and whose long and faithful service to this community we commemorate, was a distinguished member of that association, one of the oldest lawyers in this city and a great judge. But it is significant of the breadth and scope of his life and character, that this demonstration is not confined to the profession which he adorned. It is participated in by those from all the various walks in life; and we are thus assembled to pay this spontaneous and heartfelt tribute, not so much to the lawyer and the judge, as to the man. Yet Murray F. Tuley was, in a just and high sense, a great judge.

Soon after his first election to the bench, which occurred in June, 1879, he began to exhibit that remarkable grasp and profound apprehension of the fundamental principles of equity, which proclaimed him a great master in that high domain of jurisprudence. A court of equity is a court of conscience. The principles upon which it proceeds and on which it grants or withholds relief, are based upon the highest and most strictly ethical considerations known to any system of human law; and never was there an equity judge who more deeply appreciated this fundamental truth than did he whom, for many years, we at this bar have, by common consent, called the Chancellor.

He never permitted the voice of judicial conscience to be stifled by technical rules, nor smothered in a mass of ill-digested authority. He realized that equity was the science of principle and not the creature of precedent.

He investigated with an industry that never faltered and a patience that never tired, the facts, however complicated, of every case that came before him, and then applied to those facts thus developed, the simple, honest, old-fashioned moral principles that form the basis of genuine equity. His clear and luminous mental vision looked right into the very truth of the case before him. Neither sophistry nor specious reference to authority could divert him from the straight path of sound principle nor raise a cloud of doubt such as often envelops the timid and uncertain Chancellor. When he had reached his conclusions on the facts and satisfied himself as to the principles applicable to them, he proceeded with undeviating firmness and with almost mathematical precision to the inevitable conclusions to which he was thus conducted. And so I say in this presence that as a profound and learned Chancellor, a great master of the highest branch of jurisprudence, he is entitled to equal place with the great equity judges of England and of our own land.

He did not favor, however, some of the spurious off-shoots which modern methods have attached to this jurisdiction. So far as I know it was he who coined the phrase "Government by Injunction," which has gained such wide currency. This expression not inaptly characterizes those efforts now so common to commit to chancery the enforcement of the criminal law under the guise of protecting property rights. When this jurisdiction is invoked by individuals whose rights of property are involved, it is, by modern authority, firmly established. It requires and is bound, sooner or later, to receive legislative treatment as to matters of procedure, which will render it impossible for courts of equity to administer the penal code without any limitation in respect of the constitutional rights of the accused, under the form of proceedings in contempt for violating an injunction. This mode of procedure becomes peculiarly obnoxious and hostile to liberty, when it is resorted to by the nation or state in respect of matters as to which the sovereign

has no property interest, and solely and only for the purpose of procuring an injunction against criminal conduct already prohibited by the law. The necessary effect of this course is, if violation of an injunction thus obtained be alleged, to deprive the accused of his constitutional right to trial by jury, on what is virtually a criminal accusation.

This is literally government by injunction. It was attempted by the national government in one case and sustained by the highest judicial authority. But the political consequences of this proceeding were so impressive that though the courts now declare this to be the law, no national executive has since ventured to experiment with this still novel and most extraordinary equitable remedy.

Judge Tuley, as a true and courageous friend of personal liberty, firmly opposed the exercise of this oppressive and dangerous jurisdiction.

But he was more than a great chancellor. He comprehended as some judges do not, that the great end and aim of human law is to secure protection to those who need protection; he appreciated that where there is power which is not restrained, there is the certainty that this power will be abused; that in all ages and under all judicial systems the strong and powerful are well able to take care of themselves; and that the great end and aim of our Anglo-Saxon system is to secure that exact equality of all men before the law which is the cardinal and foundation principle of republican institutions. Therefore it was that when the cause of the poor and the helpless came before him, he strove with anxious care to see that they had the fullest and most ample opportunity for the assertion of their rights.

Undazzled by the glamor that sometimes seems to encompass great names and great prestige, unawed by the demonstration of great power and vast accumulation, before him the humblest suitor might contend upon an equal footing with a modern Midas or combined and federated interests of unlimited wealth and power. And this the masses of the people felt—and so did the great rogues who retain lawyers to demonstrate that two and two make five and that black is white and who feel that the heinousness of crime is in inverse ratio to its magnitude. They feared sometimes that he was prejudiced against them; and he generally was.

As the people trusted and revered him, those who sought to exploit them feared him and shunned his courtroom. Yet no judge ever more scrupulously followed the law as he saw it, nor restrained, within legitimate bounds, his righteous indignation at every form of fraud and oppression.

This man was more than a great judge. He was a true Democrat. He was a Democrat in the sense that Thomas Jefferson was a Democrat, that Abraham Lincoln was a Democrat. He was simple in his life. He believed in the people. He had no sympathy with those who contend that, though the people are incapable of self-government, men taken from their ranks are yet so superhumanly endowed, that they can govern not only themselves but their fellows. He believed that the people should be the just repository and great reservoir of all political power. He believed also in the essential and inalienable rights of man to life, liberty and to property. And when, upon some great popular clamor, these rights were threatened or assailed, he became at once their stalwart and aggressive champion.

He was keenly alive to the public interest on all occasions. He had the courage of his convictions and the ability to express them with clearness and force. Up to the very closing years of his life, he entered upon every just scheme of reform, with the energy, courage and enthusiasm of youth, inspiring and leading men of half his age who might more naturally have been looked to for the motive and dynamic power necessary to such efforts. Never have I known a man more willing in all civic controversy to act on Sir Philip Sidney's maxim—Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it.

To him the people of this county owe it that the interest on public moneys, for years appropriated by successive county treasurers, is now paid over to the public use. He has been an active friend to civil service reform, a staunch supporter of the Municipal Voters' League and foremost in every good work calculated to promote the public welfare and to realize the highest ideals in civic and municipal life.

After an acquaintance with him for thirty years, now that he is no more, I do not yet realize that he is gone. I cannot yet fully appreciate the irreparable loss sustained by the bench, the bar and the community at large, in the death of this high-minded, public-spirited, true-hearted and liberty-loving man. He has gone from us; but his life and his example have left an inspiration which I hope will linger with us and stimulate us to follow, even though *longo intervallo,* in the pathway he has indicated for us.

And as I think of him, with his sympathy for the masses of mankind, his quick resentment against oppression and wrong, no matter how humble the individual against whom such conduct was directed, I recall as an eloquent expression of his sentiments and his character, in this regard, the noble words of Lowell:

> "He's true to God who's true to man;
> Whatever wrong is done
> To the humblest and the weakest
> 'Neath the all beholding sun,
> That wrong is also done to us;
> And they are slaves most base
> Whose love of right is for themselves
> And not for all their race."

Singing—Chadwick Quartette.

> Honored he who firmly stands
> While the conflict presses round;
> God's own banner in his hands,
> In His service faithful found.
>
> What his life? No thought impure;
> Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
> Every ill he sought to cure;
> Every crime he would control;
>
> Every suffering which his hand
> Could with soothing care assuage;
> Every evil in our land;
> Every error of our age.
>
> On, then, to the glorious field!
> He has lived his age to save;
> God Himself shall be our shield,
> He shall bless and crown the brave.

Mr. Jones: The South Park Commissioners ask that they should be heard on this memorial occasion and send these resolutions:

"The South Park Commissioners record with profound regret the death of the Hon. Murray F. Tuley, judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County, who departed this life the twenty-fifth day of December, Nineteen Hundred and Five; be it therefore

"*Resolved,* That the South Park Commissioners in meeting assembled, pay tribute to the memory of the deceased jurist, who for more than twenty-six years has discharged his judicial duties with marked distinction and ability. He at all times exhibited a profound interest in the welfare and advancement of the South Park System.

"*Resolved,* That in the death of Murray F. Tuley the South Park Commissioners have lost a sincere friend, whose

uniform courtesy and kindly disposition endeared him to the members of this board.

"He was a man of sterling integrity, upright character and high ideals; a man who will be long remembered with affection and respect by his fellow citizens; a public servant of distinguished fidelity and zeal, who leaves an illustrious example of public service for the emulation of posterity.

"The South Park Commissioners extend their sympathy to the family of the deceased jurist and direct that this memorial be entered on the record and an engrossed copy be sent them."

Mr. Jones: It is not for me to prolong this meeting. You have heard wise and eloquent words, but more eloquent and more significant than the wisest words here uttered, is this splendid assembly, this magnificent audience of men and women from all ranks of life who have torn themselves from their homes and the attractions, and the no less imperious distractions of the city and the day, that they might sit here in one another's presence and voice together their great debt to the man who, after all said and done, finds his superlative interpretation in the word democracy. Other men have had brilliant intellects, other men have been able to pass down far seeing judgments and decisions with Judge Tuley, but his glory lies in the fact that, in all the majesty of his power, in all the labored toil of his vocation, with all the perplexities of his duties, he preserved the childlike heart; he was, indeed, a Jeffersonian democrat.

Jefferson is the one President in the long line of Presidents who went to his inauguration so humbly and quietly that to this day the scholars have not decided whether he went afoot or on horseback; it is an open question as to whether he tied his own horse or not.

Fitting, then, was it that this splendid Chancellor of the demonstrative city of the West, should, spite of the loving clamor of its best citizens, be carried, the earthly part of him, to his final resting place, without parade, without publicity and without inspection. Thereby his splendid democracy, his gracious simplicity, was emphasized by his going hence, as it was so magnificently embodied during his stay here.

It is with pride and great gratitude that I venture to speak in this presence of what was for several years, when the nearness of his residence and his strength and years permitted, my privilege, to look the humble Judge in the face from Sunday to Sunday, when Judge Tuley came in my audience doubled, and it was hard for me to forget that my audience sat beside a post in modest obscurity.

One of the delicate compliments—whether it was to me or to Emerson or to his own insight, I never could tell, but I remember it always with great pleasure. It was told me that one Sunday morning, when I was urging some principle or stating some case —I know not what it was—in a way that pleased the Judge, he leaned over and whispered, "Look at Emerson smile at that."

I cannot but think if we were looking into the face of Judge Tuley—when these words of personal compliment were spoken today, these words of fraternal admiration, methinks you could see the blush and the shake of the head, "Not that; not that." But when we voice here today the cause of civic integrity of the merit system, and the rights of the people; when we show our affection of honest citizenship, then, methinks, we can see the face that hangs here smile.

Let us go away from this impressive occasion, feeling that the smile of the modest Judge goes with us when we go to our duties, when we go, recommitted, to the independencies and the integrities of this great city; while his frown awaits us whenever we find ourselves swayed by secondary motives and influences, by base ideals, or yielding, however reluctantly, to the tuitions and dominations of success, the awful dangers of the powerful.

Judge Tuley closed his eyes on Christmas Day. I know not what the verdict of ecclesiastics may be concerning his religious state. We care not. We are assured that he lived his long life in close intimacy with Him who spoke the Beatitudes and formulated the Golden Rule.

I speak not without authority; one who was close to him has transcribed his words for me for this occasion. Listen to the language of the righteous Judge, and find the inspiration for the probity and the insight to which his colleagues have borne testimony here today. He said:

"I prefer to sit in the hearing of chancery cases rather than on the common law side, whose jurisdiction is more hidebound. A court of chancery is a court of conscience. A litigant bringing his case into equity appeals directly to the conscience of the judge, rather than to the hard and fast rules of the law or to precedent. Hence, the high and holy duty of maintaining that conscience pure and undefiled."

Here is an element that no law school can unfast, "a pure and undefiled conscience;" that is what enabled this man to step from the bench into the forum, to mingle with the hot questions of the day without receiving smirch upon the ermine of his judicial dignity, the conscience pure and undefiled.

But listen further to this Christmas message to us all, as from the dead:

"I know of no better law for the guidance of the chancellor than the simple old Golden Rule. This Golden Rule it is the duty of the equity judge, not only to act upon in his own rulings, but to try to enforce as between litigants who come before him."

I offer these words in evidence to prove that this man had been touched by the Spirit of the living Christ and was prepared for whatever glories and whatever usefulness "He hath prepared for those that love Him."

Let none of us regret his going hence. Said again one who was close to him: "As far as public life is concerned, no man could have picked out a more fitting time to die. Judge Tuley's judgments were considered almost infallible; his elaborately drawn opinions were classic in legal lore.

"Down to the last case tried, to the last opinion written by him, the strictest critic could not have discerned the least sign of diminution of mental power.

"But to those close to him it was evident that the weakness of the flesh was bound in time to impinge on that splendid mentality."

And so, as was fitting, clothed upon with a splendid mentality, he went thither. There is no one to receive the mantle of Judge Tuley, with all due respect to his many associates, but human progress is not to be thwarted by the incident of death; his mantle falls on many shoulders. It is for us, my friends, to close the ranks, touch elbows and with eyes to the front, carry on the banner of civic reform of Chicago's nobility, of human equality, to which Judge Tuley gave his life, for the fostering of which these walls were erected and your gracious presence on this benign occasion has given to the very bricks and mortar a new consecration.

FUNERAL SERVICE MURRAY F. TULEY, DEC. 27, 1905.

Scripture and other Readings by James Vila Blake.

PRAYER: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

We thank Thee, Father, for this revelation of Thyself. We thank Thee for this embodiment of Thy divine wisdom, and we pray that we may be worthy this revelation; loyal to the message and the mission and the bequest of this Thy worthy son.

We pray, O Father, this morning for our beloved city; may it, O Father, through its tears see more clearly the way of

nobility, the path of righteousness which this, Thy chosen one, did walk in.

We pray for the bereaved, the near and dear ones. May they be strong in the sense of the holy possession, the possession that abides, the wealth that cannot be taken away, the strength that endures. In this wealth, in the strength and nobility of him whom we mourn may we all rest, O Father, fold him, in Thine arms, now and forever more. Amen.

ADDRESS: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

At another time and in another place it is fitting that Chicago should pay tribute to the fallen chancellor; it is becoming that this city should mourn its "Grand Old Man." In this place and at this hour the thought that first presses upon us is that of tenderness; a realization that ties of long duration have been broken, that the delicate web of human sympathies seems to have been torn. This great and good man whom we honor had many lines reaching from his heart to individual human hearts. This childless man was beloved as a father by many; this neighbor and friend, this perennial lover, this guardian of the helpless, this protector of the poor, this man who knew the blessedness of the meek and the strength of the lowly, is the man that we mourn this morning.

Our word should be one of tender gratitude that it was given us to sit under the shelter of this great tree, to come within the magnetic circle of this kindly heart; to know the tender touch of this hand that was ever clothed with woman's gentleness; he was brave as a lion, but gentle as a lamb; his soul soared to eagle heights, but his heart nestled in the shadows of near beauty and near duty. Let us rejoice then that this long life has revealed to us the element of tenderness which lurks at the heart of things, and which ever flows out of the bosom of the infinite.

It is easy to bring to such a place and such a presence the figures that represent strength and stalwartness; it is natural to borrow similes that suggest action, the heroic in nature. At another time and place let him be spoken of as the unflinching, the stable rock, the towering mountain or the strongly flowing stream that forces its way like a cataract through obstacles toward the bosom of the great ocean of reality and wisdom. But here, in this place and now, more fitting as it seems to me are the figures of the lowly daisy, veiling its beauty, the violet shedding its fragrance, aye, the yielding grass that is willing, each blade, to contribute to the mat of grace and graciousness without distinction and without conspicuousness; for the modesty of this great chancellor was equal to his independence; he was virile as a man, loving and gentle as a child.

Another word comes to us at this time, and that is confidence. His was a Godlike faith, the faith that blooms into faithfulness. He was invincible, because he had entered into the confidence of the Almighty. He knew no fear, because he realized the truth which Emerson stated when he said that the Infinite God pours his might into the arm of the human that is raised in defense of the weak and of the just. So he was faithful, and he leaves to us his message, "fear not, but dare and do and say and stand where the right calls, as the word and occasion is given you."

It is insolent to the God of the universe, it is an indignity to Nature, a disloyalty to man, to introduce in this presence any question as to the "what" and the "where" and the "how" hereafter. Enough to know that no more a real part of Nature is yon lake than was this great soul; enough to know that the power that holds the planets in their places and does not permit a ray of light to lose its way in the vast spaces of the universe or a grain of sand to be destroyed, to be assured that somewhere and somehow this mighty power, which has left its impress upon this city, that has shaped the ideals of its youth, that has rebuked the wayward, summoned the rebellious back to the paths of integrity, cannot be lost and will not die.

These long years, beginning in obscurity and ending, so far as human vision is concerned, in obscurity, leave a path of light, a way of triumph, a radiance that would be dazzling were it not so gracious, and the light has not gone out.

Friends, neighbors and dear loving ones, here is no cause for weeping, no cause for regret, and still less cause for hesitation; only grounds for great rejoicing, for high expectation, a demand for more noble enterprise.

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
A divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blow of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of a throne;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream.

Could I speak the fitting words at this time, discharge fittingly this solemn and blessed privilege that is mine, my words would carry us back, lovingly and gratefully, to the obscure cradle in that far off Kentucky home where a helpless child was rocked in unconscious innocence, would enable the mind of each of us to trace the unfolding of that boy baby through the dangers and the temptations and the struggles of pioneer life; through the temptations and the ambitions of a military episode; through the loneliness and the discouragements of a far off pioneer experience and back again to the city of his choice with a destiny all unknown, where the real dangers of our friend came, where the mighty dangers, the awful temptations of power, the terrible opportunities of success, the wicked chances of the competent beset him. But here as there he triumphed. O, it is easy, as many of my friends here have realized, easy to face the wandering bullets of an opposing army; it is not hard in this country of opportunity to climb over difficulties, to overcome the barriers of poverty and weakness, but only the chosen ones of God can withstand these last dangers, the dangers of power and come forth unscathed from the fires that beset the strong soul in an aggressive, boisterous and boastful city like this. And Judge Tuley, our great chancellor, triumphed over these dangers. He preserved his heart of simplicity; he laid fast hold on to his integrity in places of trust; he dared rebuke offenders and at critical moments he could be trusted whoever else might disappoint.

Such an one was our friend; such a life was that given to this great city; such an unspeakable inheritance is bequeathed to the generations that are to come. It is for us to make good, God helping us, the high work which he began, never doubting that then, as now, in the future, as in the past, he is an abiding force in the life of Chicago; he is a perpetual power in the struggle for civic integrity here; he is an unfading and unfailing consolation and comfort and guide in the hearts of his dear ones.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succorest!—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

* * * *

But thou wouldst not alone
Be saved, my father! alone
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or objection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

* * * *

Servant of God!—or son
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servant ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

* * * *

Then let us fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

REMARKS AT CREMATORY CHAPEL.

By James Vila Blake.

In speaking of our honored friend, and saying a good-bye here—to the mortal part of him, not to him—let us remember that we are speaking of a Judge, that is to say, of a man honored with the high, difficult and responsible duty of determining causes between man and man. It has been his place and obligation to judge between his fellows, to hold in consideration the greatest temporal interests, and even moral interests, of his fellow-men, and decide on them, elevating some, putting down others, grieving some, rejoicing others, empowering some, limiting, perhaps impoverishing, others. What an elevation of duty, what a high place, what solemn answerableness, if dutifully and honestly taken, and what great qualifications are required therein! What calmness, what carefulness and integrity of thinking, what pure disinterestedness, what equity both of motive and of judgment, what judicial poise and balance of mind, what faithful industry, are necessary in this high office of Judge in causes between man and man, wherein both interests and passions run high. Now, these qualifications our honored friend had in degree very eminent, and they were constantly employed in the highest citizen duty in his great office. It is a matter of common notoriety, nay, of honorable fame, how able and valuable he was as a Judge. He filled the place with notable power, and a success which continued him from year to year in the highest judicial repute. It is a matter of record and common report that very few of his decisions were reversed if reviewed by tribunals of final appeal. He honored the bench with a notable judicial majesty, a power of insight and of attentive faculty which compelled the reverence of men for the judicial office. And this in itself, namely, to oblige men to regard the bench with respect and honor, is no little contribution to the community and to mankind.

Now, whence came this notable power? That is a crucial question, and the true answer to it is the greatest possible honor to our friend. Was a fine endowment of mind, a high intellectual power, the source of his judicial eminence and influence? In part, no doubt, and this ought to be said, and said with honor to him. That a man comes forth from his forefathers with a fine mental endowment is an honor to them and a grace in him. Intellectual scope and fine faculty ought to be honored. Let us honor it in our friend, this true Judge. But mental power was not the great root of his judicial worth. The finer and greater source was purity of heart. He could judge well and discern the truth because of a perfectly pure singleness of eye. He was not confused with diverse or conflicting motives. It is one of the most heavenly and joyful things in the world what power we have to see the truth when the truth is all we wish to see. But too often men—and Judges on the bench are but men—are not so concerned with single eye to discover the truth as to maintain something to be the truth. All manner of little eddies and rills of motives come circling or trickling in, till there is no honest and perfectly pure direction of effort left to the mind; then confusion is certain, clearness impossible. It was not so with our honored friend. Purity of heart, a white-light-pure desire to find and declare just the exact truth, without fear or favor, was the root which upheld so stalwart limbs and large expanse of judicial worth, power and repute. No greater tribute could be spoken, nor one richer in good fruit for mankind. His mental powers were clear and strong; but stronger still were his moral powers, always the noblest gift, always far transcending for power of understanding all mere keenness of wit.

Now, this moral power of our friend contradicts mightily the appearance beside which now we stand. Here he seems to lie, dead. We see no longer a living presentment of mind, but a carved image; and soon it must pass away—indeed, we are here to make it pass away in the swiftest manner. Not for this mortal part, honorable and dear to us as once the vehicle of him, and not for our fancies, not for dire picturing in our reluctant thoughts, shall there be sordid and black decay—no, but a chariot of flame, wings of fire, returning the mortal part to the elements in form so clean and sweet that hereafter we shall hear it—'tis no figure of speech, but simple science—patter in rain, or see some of it flash on a wave-crest, or smell it from a violet, or perceive it melodious from a bird's throat. Blessed possibility! But 'tis only for the mortal part. The disintegration, air and elemental as it is, stops there—so saith to us his purity of heart, his single-eyed love of truth and morality of truth-speaking. Shall these die? They declare that they will not die. They can not. They are of a piece with the immanent God. They were before the sun, and will be after it; and inhabiting our friend, he is immortal with them. The soul, or whatever we may call the thought-power for which this mortal part was vehicle, can not be suffused with that pure passion of truth, and then "go out like the snuff of a candle." Doth it confer immortality? Nay, it *is* immortality, a spiritual visibility undying in essence. Not more will fire dissolve this mortal part into sweet air than his virtue snatches our thoughts away from this mortal into heavens immortal. Thither let us follow willingly, and say not Farewell here, but Welcome there—as saith the familiar poet nobly:

> "Life, I know not what thou art,
> But know that thou and I must part;
> And when or how or where we met,
> I own to me 's a secret yet.
>
> Life, we've been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
> 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
> Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
> Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
> Bid me Good Morning."

MURRAY F. TULEY ON HIS HORSE

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE JUDGES OF THE CIRCUIT, SUPERIOR, AND PROBATE COURTS AND SPREAD ON RECORD.

bate Courts of Cook County, in special memorial meeting assembled December 26, 1905, do hereby place upon the records of our several courts an expression, all too inadequate, of our esteem and loving regard for our late associate, Hon. Murray F. Tuley, as well as a token of our lament at his death.

Judge Tuley through a long and eventful career demonstrated that he possessed the great qualities of heart and mind that made him an ideal American. In his early struggles and by force of his own will and character he attained the highest distinction as a citizen of public spirit, a lawyer learned in his profession and a judge of exalted wisdom. A resident of Chicago for more than fifty years, he lived to see it progress from a small city to its metropolitan character as the second city of importance and population of the American continent. Loving the people of Chicago and having a deep-seated pride in its welfare he was ever found in the forefront of every effort made for its upbuilding. Many laws enacted for its improvement were initiated by him. His humanity was broad and deep-seated; he was the friend of the poor and ever ready to aid the oppressed and the unfortunate. He was a simple man in his life and devoid of all ostentation. He bore his honors with becoming modesty and in the various offices which he adorned he had the welfare of the citizens before him and realized that he was their servant and protector. To know him was to love and admire him, and those who knew him longest loved him the best and honored him the more.

His long service upon the bench has but one parallel in the history of Chicago. He commanded the confidence of both suitors and lawyers for the depth and erudition of his legal attainments, his penetrating insight into involved facts of cases and his sturdy righteous judgments.

We voice to his widow and family our deep sense of personal loss in his going beyond the shadows, and assure them we shall miss his gracious manners and helpful sage advice in our counsels, and ever hold his memory in affectionate sweet remembrance.

PLATFORM OF THE "UNITED CITIES" OF AMERICA CONVENTION.

No higher culmination of the civic ideals of Judge Tuley could be formulated than the following platform adopted by the above organization last week. How the labors of Judge Tuley helped bring forth this culmination is abundantly testified to in the accompanying pages:

WHEREAS, The vast growth of American cities has brought with it a series of problems peculiar to congested population, and most of which have no possible connection with the general policies of the nation; and,

WHEREAS, These problems—moral, social and economic—can only be solved by the intelligent, unhampered, direct attention of the communities interested; and,

WHEREAS, Prior to the accomplishment of the great tasks set before the cities there is need that all unnecessary obstacles be removed and all steps be taken that may lead to simplification of elections;

Now, therefore, we, the delegates representing militant nonpartisan organizations working for the improvement of city government in America by practical participation in municipal politics, assembled in conference at Chicago, January 11 and 12, 1906, in the name of the United Cities of America, declare the following:

We hold that the lines of cleavage in municipal politics have no relation to the lines of cleavage in national politics.

We hold that the intrusion of national politics in municipal government brings with it issues absolutely foreign to the proper functions and reasonable aspirations of the national parties, and others which are alien to the interests of the municipalities, thereby tending to degrade the national parties and seriously injure city government.

We further hold that more efficient means should be provided whereby the will of the majority of the people deliberately formulated and expressed should control municipal policies.

We further hold that there is urgent need of fixing direct responsibility of municipal officials to the people and of reducing to the lowest practicable number the city offices to be filled by election.

We further hold that the merit system of appointment has demonstrated, wherever honestly applied, that it tends to result in the selection and retention in office of a higher grade of men than are obtained by other means; that it opens the public service as an honorable career, free from the distractions of politics, and that it tends to relieve the citizens from the possibility of tyranny by office holders.

Holding the propositions advanced to be self-evident in theory and amply demonstrated in practice, we, therefore, now urge in the interest of better municipal conditions:

1. That cities should be granted the largest possible measure of home rule, subject only to such general statutory safeguards and restrictions as may be necessary to protect the general interests of the state as distinguished from the local interests of the municipality.

2. That the party column on the ballot should be abolished; that the names of candidates for a single office should be printed on the ballot under the designation of that office, and that it should be made impossible to vote a straight party ticket by a single mark or cross.

3. That municipal nominations and elections should be completely separated from state and national nominations and elections, and should occur at different times. And that nominations for all municipal offices be made by petition or by an efficient method of direct primaries.

4. That the number of elective municipal officers should be reduced as far as practicable, always preserving the right to elect members of the municipal legislative body or city council.

5. That the merit principle should be applied to all departments of city administration under practical and efficient civil service laws.

In conclusion, this conference, realizing the vital importance of the successful solution of the municipal problems now confronting us, earnestly hopes that consideration and discussion of them may continue, and to that end urges the formation of more organizations devoted to local issues which shall coöperate in all practical ways to secure the enactment of laws embodying the principle outlined.

Resolved, That this conference do, and it hereby does, heartily indorse the proposal of the Yale City Government Club to encourage the establishment of similar clubs in other colleges and universities, to the end that knowledge of and interest in municipal civics may be increased by such action.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Field Secretary
To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent

A Religious Centre

Last week the annual meeting of the various organizations under the control of the Lincoln Centre staff was held in the Emerson Hall on the fourth floor, and the writer was an interested guest who found the reports both a revelation and an inspiration. Although tolerably familiar with the capacities and opportunities of this great $200,000 man-factory which must always challenge the wonder and admiration of the most casual observer, the actual reports of the work that was undertaken in the year just closed, and the records of the results already achieved were a startling revelation of the ability and power, the force and energy, of the many workers in this many sided factory. Not the least interesting fact among the surprising number of achievements that represented commercial as well as spiritual abundance, was the number of denominations to which or from which these large hearted and free handed workers had come. Scarcely any of the orthodox denominations have failed to supply their quota to the membership of All Souls Church and the religious fellowship was interdenominational as it was nonsectarian.

Lincoln Centre was more than once referred to as like the iridescent dream of an impossible enthusiast—but yet because there was an impossible man who dreamed, this impossible vision has been realized and every dollar paid. If this prophet of Lincoln Centre had already been translated, this were his fitting monument, but thanks be to the Father, the leader is still the greatest factor in this great and growing power that makes for righteousness. A detailed report of activities is impossible here, but the writer registers his conviction (as one who gazed on the mountain from its base) that here is a centre of religious and ethical activities, a capacity, an opportunity and a prophecy—second to none in this city or this nation. How great a thing is here very few yet realize. What possibilities lie in this practical union of religion and life, this actual enrollment of the church in the work-a-day life of the world, as Hull House and Chicago Commons and, in its different way, Lincoln Centre is doing, few of us yet have had faith to see. Surely we can join with the poet in fullness of heart:

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
He must upward onward ever
Who would keep abreast of truth."

C. A. O.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

Death of President Harper.

The death of Dr. W. R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, removes from us one of the foremost educators of the day. He has aroused the whole country in regard to Semitic studies, gathered together a large number of able scholars of world renown, given impulse to the highest ideals in higher education, laid solid foundations for one of the great educational institutions of the world. He was a man of marvelous force, of generous disposition, and with all his larger cares, a friend to his associates and the individual student. As a scholar his books are of the highest value. His

commentary on Amos and Hosea takes place among the first and is a monument of research and learning. He was thirty-five years of age when he began his work to create a university, the present assets of which represent gifts of twenty millions of dollars.

H. H. Rogers on the Stand.

The attitude of Mr. H. H. Rogers and the attorneys for the Standard Oil Company toward the law as manifested at the hearing at New York in the Missouri investigation deserves the denunciation of all right-minded citizens. Such an attitude to the ordinary mind spells guilt—guilt premeditated and persistent—including indifference to the law and government of the nation. The testimony already taken leads to the belief that the Standard Oil Company is accustomed to carry on its monopoly in the form of several companies, all of which are in reality the Standard Oil Company. While it is right to fight a case with all the ingenuity and privileges which the law permits, evidence of integrity would be seen in frankness and honesty, not in ridicule and obstruction. The scenes in New York at this hearing are disgraceful.

If Business Ability Consecrated.

This examination also brings into prominence other considerations. The splendid astuteness of the controllers of the business of this enormous trust compels admiration. It suggests also the question as to what would be the result if this splendid ability were put to the unselfish service of humanity rather than to so large an extent to the endeavor of attaining personal benefits. It also suggests what is going to happen when the millenium comes and men care for the interests of their fellows with such foresight and mental grasp as they now use for selfish advantages.

Chicago Traction Matters.

The recent action of the city government in the traction matter seriously complicates the situation and apparently prevents an early solution of the problem. In referring the matter back to the transportation committee for a new hearing as to possible amendments the council puts in jeopardy the possibility of a referendum vote, and makes possible the acceptance of a contract with the surface roads by the aldermen without referendum. One of the amendments suggested, however, would seem to be essential for the protection of the citizens, viz., that the franchise ordinances should be accepted concurrently by the companies.

Chicago Labor Affairs.

It is difficult to estimate properly the conditions of the labor forces of Chicago. The recent meeting in which the so-called Madden crowd attempted by violence to control elections would seem to indicate that the radical element is in the ascendency. Whether the conservative element is really conservative or simply a faction does not appear on the surface. Outside people who are friends to the labor movement for better conditions deplore the influence of a belligerent party. Such influence seems to compel the defeat of the best interests of labor. The strength of the labor movement in the past has been the justice of its cause and a degree of righteousness in its methods. If these characteristics are eliminated the cause is lost.

Frenzied Humanity.

Violent deaths seem to multiply instead of diminish. Murders, suicides, deaths by accident and all the attendant circumstances are a large part of the news of each day. In a single day of twenty-four hours there were in Chicago nineteen violent deaths. Two were murders, seven suicides, and there were several attempts at murder. How far is our present civilization responsible? Chief Collins comes the nearest to a solution. He says these violent deaths could not occur in small towns. "As I have said before, half the city's population needs the other half to protect it from itself —from committing murder, suicide and other crimes, from giving or throwing away its money." This indicates that the ambitions, ideals and method of life of the majority influence the rest. The craze for a certain kind of success has much to do with present conditions. A student overworks for a prize and, debilitated, destroys himself. A business man cannot worst a competitor and shoots himself. A prominent broker fails to get rich fast and takes his life. A saner view of life would protect life and bring comfort and happiness.

Is All Life Sacred?

The recent letter of Prof. Norton of Harvard, advocating the ending of the life of the aged, infirm and incurable who suffer great agony, and the utterance of Miss Crozier, a sociological reformer, in Philadelphia, demanding the chloroforming of the babes of criminal and debased parents, arouse interest. Sociological reformers for some time have advocated the prevention of the marriage of the criminal classes, and all benevolent persons have wished for a solution of the question as to how far science ought to go in order to prevent the suffering of people whose continued existence seems to mean only suffering. Whether the above suggestions are to be followed or not, the problem itself demands a rational solution.

Mr. Schiff Talks Panic.

Jacob H. Schiff scares Wall street by demanding elasticity of currency, asserting that the rise of exchange to 125 per cent on call loan is a disgrace to the country; also stating that a panic is imminent unless such elasticity is provided. The refusal of Secretary Shaw to alleviate the situation is to be commended. It is difficult to see how larger amounts of money can allay speculation. People who speculate will speculate as long as there is money with which they can speculate. Legitimate business interests are protected. That is sufficient. The speculators ought not to be allowed to jeopardize the legitimate trade of the land. Proper laws for Wall street will be in order.

Workingmen's Insurance.

One of the most important of recent actions is the appointment by Governor Deneen of a commission to make an investigation of the subject of old age pensions and workingmen's insurance. Professor C. R. Henderson is chairman of this commission. The appointment of the commission and that of Professor Henderson as chairman are alike commendable. This is in the right direction. At present all that is sought is a workable method of insurance, which shall be protected in its working and in its finances by the state.

Russian Cossacks.

The reports of atrocities by the Cossacks in Russia are evidently true. This must be taken into account for a proper weighing of the conditions in Russia. The Reds with their extreme views of revolution, the peasants with their wrongs and demands for vengeance, the autocrats and their supercilious indifference to evil conditions, the students with their aspirations, the great middle class torn by all conflicts, the czar and the church, make a complication in Russian conditions which seems at present without a solution. That a constitutional monarchy would be the best for all concerned for the immediate future is the prevailing opinion.

Germany and France.

The relations of Germany and France are strained. This involves the principal nations of the western world. Germany apparently is simply seeking an equal chance with all nations in the interests at Morocco. France claims a primary interest, apparently with good reason. France also feels that her dignity is being compromised by the attitude of Germany. The United States is said to hold the balance of power in the coming conference. The need of a parliament of nations is more and more evident if wars are to be prevented.

Election in England.

The broad sympathies of our nation may be seen in the interest manifested in the election now going on in the British kingdom. The chief questions group around finance, free trade and tariff. Irish home rulers and the dissenters, however, base hope in the Liberal party; the former expecting mitigation of intolerable conditions in Ireland, the latter hoping for a change in the educational laws which shall give an impartial public school system without the interference of religious bodies.

Railroad Rate Bill.

There is evident progress at Washington in regard to a railroad rates bill. Senator Dolliver's bill is said to be almost perfect. This movement to regulate railroad rates, apart from other considerations, would seem to be a commercial necessity. The railroads should coöperate in the making of a law which, if properly framed, would be of inestimable value to them, avoiding distasteful, if not dishonest, relations with merchants.

Secretary Root and Consular Service.

Secretary Root is using his influence and position in an endeavor to improve the consular service, both in the personnel and in a proper compensation, so that the consuls may live in accordance with the dignity of the government they represent. This with the endeavor to build suitable and representative homes for the ambassadors of the United States is along the very best lines. Our country should be represented at foreign capitals and cities in a way that is commensurate with the intelligence and character of the government and people.

E. P. T.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bid me creep past.
—*Browning's "Prospice."*

Through dragging days that agonized the soul;
Through nights grown blacker with a hopless pain
And weary weeks that closer bound the chain,
He watched the shape that stalks beyond control.
His life behind him like an outstreched whole
Of vast achievement flashed along the brain;
But forward through the years he looked in vain
For all he hoped might crown it at the goal.
And yet with steady will and changeless eye,
Like some strong prophet that had conquered fear,
He watched the face of Death with courage high:
Surpassing him who lifts a sudden cheer
Where others also fall, and fight, and die—
Assured that past the terror dawn shines clear.
—*Horace Spencer Fiske.*

Foreign Notes.

PEASANT THEATRICALS IN GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND.

The summer of 1905 in Europe was especially interesting for the number and variety of its peasant dramatic and musical performances. First among these attractions was that at Ober-Ammergau, where, though it was not the year for the famous Passion Play, a new play under an old name, the *Kreuzeschule,* or School of the Cross, was successfully inaugurated and will be given hereafter in alternation with the Passion Play, making a performance every five years.

The new drama, a poetical representation of the life of King David, interspersed with tableaux representing scenes from the life of Christ, was given every Sunday from June 4 to September 17. How much the rainy weather of August and September affected the attendance I can not say, but it effectually prevented your correspondent from taking the long trip thither from Geneva to attend the closing representation just before the Peace Congress at Lucerne.

The evidence of persons who were there goes to show that, however reverent and sincere the individual performers still may be, their value as a money-getting attraction has been realized by speculators, and, under the management of a new syndicate, the impression made at Ober-Ammergau is no longer what it was. The American in particular is too shrewd a business man and money-getter not to recognize the commercial atmosphere, and, having little reverence for mere religious tradition, is no longer impressed by this performance as he would like to be. "Had I stayed longer and gone among the people," said one gentleman to me, "I should perhaps have felt differently, for I heard a woman who dined in the home of the peasant Christ say she felt as if she had broken bread with the Master himself; but I confess I was disappointed."

Not all are as sophisticated as the Americans, however. In 1890, for instance, four peasants from the little Swiss village of Selzach visited Ober-Ammergau at the suggestion of a fellow-townsman, Adolf Schläfli. Good Catholics themselves, they were so much impressed by the Passion Play that they longed to start something similar in their own home village.

Probably few in America ever heard of Selzach, an insignificant little place of some 1,600 inhabitants, not far from Solothurn. But while that ancient town is picturesque, Selzach is absolutely commonplace in aspect. Aside from agriculture, the chief occupation of the Selzachers is watchmaking, the principal factory being that of the Herr Schläfli already mentioned. Yet unknown and unnoteworthy as the place was a dozen years ago, this season it was thronged Sunday after Sunday by cosmopolitan crowds who came to see the "Swiss Passion Play."

The ambition of that 1890 delegation to Ober-Ammergau has been realized to a remarkable degree. For years the people of Selzach had amused themselves in the winter with dramatic studies and performances, and fortune favored them when their attention was turned to this old religious drama. In 1892 appeared the Passion Play music of H. F. Müller. By permission of the publisher, this was arranged with prologue, declamations, etc. Meanwhile the local singing society had been studying Hering's Christmas oratorio and gave it during the winter with such success that it inspired them to take up the study of the Passion music. The first public performance took place in 1893, in the concert hall of a local hotel. The success exceeded all expectation, and the work was still further elaborated. It was now divided into a morning and afternoon performance. The former, a sort of prelude to the Passion, began with the creation of the world and included twenty-four tableaux. By 1895 the enthusiasm of the Selzachers had erected a special theater where, in its extended form, the Passion Play was so successfully given that its fame spread abroad; 1896, 1898 and 1901 saw the presentations developed and continued, while in 1905 interest and attendance were so well sustained that the performance every Sunday was kept up till the end of September.

Supposing the presentation of September 3 to be the last, we talked of going from Geneva to Selzach on that day. But to the drawbacks of distance and bad weather was added the fact that this was the Sunday immediately after the Liberal Congress, and Charles Wagner was to preach at St. Peter's, so Selzach had the go-by.

Then came the Peace Congress at Lucerne, and when, during our congress excursion to the Rütli, I learned that there was still one chance to see the Passion Play at Selzach, I determined if possible to take advantage of it. To do so it was necessary to rise early. Porter and waiters were but half awake when I descended to the dining-room for a bit of breakfast, and the morning sky looked none too promising. Still it had not rained for thirty-six hours, and, hoping for the best, I took a hasty repast and hurried away to catch the 7:15 train. I carried my trusty umbrella, but, alas! rashly left my "caoutchoucs" behind. A fifty minutes' wait at Solothurn might have been spent very agreeably in a promenade, but it was already raining when we reached there, and the further short run to Selzach left little doubt that the day was to be wet.

Curiously I studied my traveling companions, almost all of the peasant class, and decided that the majority were bound for Selzach. So it proved; on arrival at the station all I had to do was to follow the crowd. Not a bus or vehicle of any description was in sight. The play-house lay at an unknown distance from the railroad. There was nothing for it but to do as the rest did—gather up my petticoats and trudge ahead, thankful that the road, though wet and somewhat muddy, was not soft. A half-mile walk brought us to the ticket office, in front of which an eager throng were securing seats at 8, 6, 4 and 2 francs, respectively. Near by were the unpretentious hotels where later the visitors would get their noonday meal. In and out among the crowd moved lads with wooden trays, suspended by a strap around the neck, containing picture postals of Selzach, the theater and the more prominent actors, as well as the official guide and text of the play. After my turn at the ticket window for first places, I passed on to the theater, a bare, unpainted barn-like wooden structure, all enclosed, so that the stage settings are wholly artificial. The front or stage end of the building has two stories, as graceful and artistic as a pioneer country store. The auditorium, already gray and weather-beaten, is but one story, and has a seating capacity of 1,200. It is entered by six doors along one side, which are approached by the simplest of board steps with open rises. These doors are not opened till a few minutes past 11, when passengers by the last morning train have had time to arrive. Meanwhile we stand under our dripping umbrellas and what protection is afforded by a row of buckeyes or horsechestnut trees.

When the doors are at last thrown open, we see by the inclusive numbers on them at which one we should enter, and speedily find ourselves, wet feet, wet umbrellas and all, in a great windowless space filled with rows of plain wooden benches extending without aisles to the opposite wall. Those of the

first and second class have Turkey red cushions, the others none. When the performance begins the doors are closed, as at Wagner opera at Bayreuth, and the only light comes from the footlights of the stage and side openings in the ventilators of the roof. The musicians, both orchestra and vocalists, are invisible, save at certain points where a sort of Greek chorus appears between scenes.

The morning performance consists largely of tableaux introduced by the *regisseur*, who recites the story in sonorous verse. Beginning with chaos and the Almighty dividing the firmament, successive scenes from the New Testament prepare the way for the real story of the Passion. Though the undevout may smile at Adam and Eve in Stuttgarter underwear and other anachronisms, many of the scenes are pictorially effective and beautiful. The little Moses in his ark of bulrushes is a winsome golden-haired babe, and the same little one does duty again, I think, as the infant Jesus. While kings and shepherds adore, the baby smiles and plucks at motionless Joseph's sleeve in a way that is captivating and genuine.

With the entry into Jerusalem, the morning program ends, and we stream out into the rain again and across to one of the simple country inns, where a *table d'hôte* dinner may be had for 2 fr. 50, or *mittagessen* for 1 fr. 50. The prices at all the hotels and restaurants are the same, and tickets for meals are sold at the same office as the theater seats. Casting in my lot with the plain people, who are content with *mittagessen*, I take my place at one of the long, narrow tables filling a plain rectangular room. The table appointments are of the simplest. A waitress at one end sends down the line great platefuls of wholesome soup; two meat courses and a plain salad follow. The interlude lasts from 1 to 2:30 p. m., so people have time to purchase and write souvenir postals to home friends ere they leave the table, a whole group sometimes signing a card together. The loan of a fountain pen is gratefully accepted and one after another tries the novelty with evident curiosity and pleasure.

The afternoon performance is the one that should, it would seem, excite deep emotion. Tableaux and action succeed one another, all given with conscientious sincerity and dignity. The music is good; attention is centered on the scene save as one looks and listens curiously for any sign of special emotion in the audience. With the exception of some of the highest priced seats, the place is packed, yet, strangely enough, you are not conscious of any intense feeling in yourself or others through all the scenes of the arrest, trial, the invoking, crucifixion and death of Jesus of Nazareth. There is a hush, but that is all, and as you tramp back over the muddy road and wait for your train with the other pilgrims, you listen in vain for any special comment on what has been presented. Yet I understand there have been just such crowds here every Sunday all summer.

More satisfactory, on the whole, I imagine, are certain dramatic and lyrical performances of a different character. The William Tell performed this season at Altdorf has been highly spoken of, and must have been most interesting there in the heart of the Tell localities.

But the most notable of all, apparently, is the *Fête des vignerons*, given only for one brief week in August by the inhabitants of canton Vaud at Vevey. This poetical glorification of rural life is an event to date from, for it is undertaken only at rare intervals, with variations of music and setting, but with some abiding traditions. Just how often it has been given, or what is its history, I cannot say. The last previous performance was in 1889, and mention is also made of one in 1865. It was just over this season when I landed, but was a favorite topic of conversation throughout Switzerland, and bands and orchestras were playing its music. Pictorial representations of its different episodes, also, were varied and numerous.

The performance at Vevey is an open-air one, the chief architectural feature this year being a series of classical arches through which the 1,800 performers impersonating the divinities Ceres, Bacchus and their attendants, as well as the varied rural activities of the changing year, defile upon the stage in a kaleidoscopic procession, only one section at a time advancing to the foreground for the songs, dances and pantomime appropriate to the season.

Much enthusiasm has been expressed over the dream-like beauty of these scenes, the harmony and beauty of coloring, the grace and poetry of motion. The wedding procession, in which it is a tradition that only affianced lovers may impersonate the happy pair, the gleaners, and the dance of the dead leaves, seem to linger in the memory as especially beautiful. The words, by René Morax, have been characterized as the perfection of popular poetry, simple, natural, large and sane. The music this year, by Mr. G. Doret, while very beautiful in parts, and much appreciated by those nearest to the orchestra, has been criticised as rather too strictly classical and not so well adapted to an open-air performance on so large a scale as that of 1865 and 1889. But aside from all slight criticisms of detail, the enthusiasm and admiration generally expressed make one sorry indeed to have missed this most rare, elaborate and beautiful of all the peasant festivals. M. E. H.

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